PART TWO

THE SUNDAY JOURNAL.

PAGES

PRICE FIVE CENTS. INDIANAPOLIS, SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 27, 1902. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

A PLAGUE OF DOCTORS

MEDICAL PROFESSION CRITICISED BY AN EMINENT MEMBER.

Dr. Schweninger, Famous as Bismarck's Physician, Scores a Certain Class of Doctors.

CONDEMNS THE CURE-ALL PLAN

ENUMERATES WELL-KNOWN DRUGS THAT HAVE HAD A "RUN."

Says Medicine Practiced by Modern Methods Is an Industry Rather than a Science.

[Dr. Schweninger, the famous physician who, according to Prince Bismarck's own statement, added ten years to his life, delivered the following lecture before a Berlin medical audience the other day "amid cat-calls, protests and demonstrations of all sorts," according to cable dispatches. Professor Schweninger spoke without preparation, but afterwards consented to put his extraordinary statements concerning the physician a la mode in writing.]

In the medicine of the day, fashion and method reign supreme, while medical history is almost forgotten and practitioners studying same are ridiculed as cranks.

"Fashions in medicine," one of the oldest of sciences, sounds almost paradoxical. What, make a science in which prevention, protection and love of mankind should go hand in hand with reason and morals subject to the whims and fads of the epoch? Yet it is done all over the world, and I am not referring to the hereditary war between clyster and cupping, or to X-rays, microscope and spectral-analysis either. But before sitting in judgment of the doctor a la mode who models his recipes in accordance with new ideas, up to-day and down to-morrow, let us glance at the various illnesses actually created by fashion.

It will be found that almost every article of clothing intereferes with the balance of our organism and calls for medical action of some sort. Take the corset, for instance. Originally invented to hide the deformity of some hunch-backed female, it got to be the official cause of many of the nervous and intestinal ills from which the weaker sex is suffering to-day, but do you suppose, for one moment, that in ante-corset days all women were full blooded, endowed with nerves of iron and a sound digestion? These diseases existed before the corset was ever thought of, and would continue to worry womankind even if the corset was abolished by law, and the law respected.

As a matter of fact, all and every article of wear or ornament obstructing blood circulation—belts, collars, suspenders, narrow pointed and high-heeled boots, everything of that sort—calls for more or less medical interference. And the same is true of things shutting off contact between our living, breathing, skin and air—hats, false hair, pads, gloves, umbrellas, veils, etc., while medical action may also be required for the following reasons subject to fashion or economical conditions: Size and height of living rooms, scene and duration of society functions, sanitary or unsanitary conditions of theaters, churches, schoolrooms, fashions in the matter of food and drink, particularly in the use of stimulants, tea, coffee, coacoa, alcohol, smoking, snuffing and chewing tobacco.

THE CURE-ALL NUISANCE.

All such things call for medical aid at one time or another, but that doesn't say that the patient shall be left to the tender mercies of chemical factories or medicinal springs.

Maybe a certain medicinal spring helps a certain sick man, or woman or child, maybe antipyrin is "a good thing" occasionally, but cure-alls are not for every debilitated liver, or every fatty, degenerated heart or for all calcinated muscles. Yet in nine cases out of ten we find the physician a la mode inclined to assert the impossible. He insists that certain illnesses can be cured only at certain health resorts and through certain drugs, usually expensive ones.

A person who does that, resigns as a medical man; he is unworthy of confidence, and, for myself, I confess that I would turn Socialist rather to-day than to-morrow if I worshiped the fetiches set up by many druggists and directors of medicinal springs and health resorts; for a social order that allows only the rich to get well does not deserve the support of decent men.

Some of these doctors a la mode strike me like nickel-in-the-slot machines. You drop your fee in their ever itching palm, mention your disease and, presto, out comes the name of the "method," drug, health resort or medicinal spring that will cure it; pardon, that alone is capable of curing it. A sandwich or candy automaton, regulated by the drop of a 5-cent piece, cannot work more promptly.

During several centuries man praised God for planting in far-away America a tree, the bark of which cured intermittent fever, malaria, etc. But now, they say, we can do without this prize. Antipyrin is making the tour of the world and quinine must take a back seat, for antipyrin allows a doctor a la mode to regulate temperature at will.

But, of course, the appetite comes with the eating. Inventor Knorr's laurels stirred up the whole ambitious fraternity, and after antipyrin we got "phenaectin," "kairin," "salipyrin," "antiferin," "laktophenin," "pyramidol," "analgesin," "migranin," etc., etc.

FOUND OUT THE MISTAKE.

And after we had reduced temperatures for twenty years, and had crowed about it and beat our breasts with satisfaction, we concluded one fine day that it was all wrong and that sick persons are better off if their high temperature is not interfered with, for high temperature means increase of vitality, and every layman ought to know that vitality, when it asserts itself, should be backed up rather than diminished or suppressed.

"To err is human," you say, but I ask is it right, is it lawful, is it moral to subject sick people to experiments of that sort?

And the worst of it, the quinine-antipyrin episode has not taught the physician a la mode a lesson; far from it. He continues to wear his mantle short to-day and long to-morrow, to administer phenacetin in the morning and laktophenin in the evening. Yet no sensible physician expects these so-called medicines to stand the test of time, that is, to become standard drugs. The physician a la mode alone will tell you that his own experiences with them were of the "most encouraging character."

Take a look at the catalogue of any successful chemical factory. There, ten, twenty, thirty doctors assert that they had "wonderful success" with "eulaktol," "pitrazin" or "oszosodol;" while just as many, or more, swear by protargol, itrol or argenton. And, besides, there are plenty of testimonials from grateful patients indorsing these cure-alls. It is as if sufferers and physicians vie with each other as to which may succeed in making the most absurd and unscientific statements. Indeed medicines as practiced by the physician a la mode is an industry rather than a science.

Not so many years ago it was the fashion "to study medicine;" to be up to date nowadays, one must be a "specialist." I know physicians who spend the spring and summer in some fashionable watering place and in the winter call on colleagues with the request to send them patients next summer. It pays, too, and the work is easy enough; plenty of patients allow themselves to be sold on delivery three or six months after date.

Another brand of the physician a la mode is the fellow who imitates a great light of medical science in some outward respects, advertizes himself as his pupil and announces a new curative method "founded on the discoveries of the great X. X."

NOT AN EXACT SCIENCE.

Medicine is classed as an exact science, but I pity the patient who falls into the hands of a physician before the latter has corrected his school wisdom by practical experience. The story that one of the masters of the surgical craft advised his coachman, suffering from accident, to go at once to a physician—that story is no joke.

Call me a barbarian if you will; I say medicine is not an exact science. Weights and measures, the price of gold and silver, the extent of sugar production, morals even, can be regulated by international treaties; but no convention, no law, no ukase may lay down a rule determining, for instance, the time when some organic disease passes from the acute into the chronic state. You refer me to the medical encyclopedia where it is written that after six weeks' illness an affection becomes a chronic disease. Very well. If you had running of the nose for one month, would you not call it a chronic cold? and typhus, inflammation of the lungs, scarlet fever are just as acute in the eighth week as in the first? The examples show the weakness of the terminology that plays such a decided part in the fashionable methods of curing disease.

Where the conscientious physician hesitates to risk a final opinion, even though knowing the ins and outs of the case from personal observation, many a doctor a la mode pronounces his fiat glibly. Has he not got his method? Doesn't the book say this or that?

Method, method, method—never in the history of medicine was method so immeasurably overestimated as to-day! It has come to pass that specialists who never had a glimpse of the patient upbraid the physician in charge for having sinned against the law of method!

Illness has no mystery for such wiseacres; they care not whether the peculiar physical or mental condition of the sick man, woman or child forbade surgical operation, or any aggressive treatment whatsoever. They have only their theory in mind and cry out: "This physician failed to use the knife. Ad bestias with him, the heretic, who has no method!"

After this blast the despised practitioner may console himself with the knowledge that he did for his patient what he honestly believed to be the best in his particular case—the best and most beneficial. And that is the main thing, the howlings of the fashion-crowned method mongers notwithstanding.

ABUNDANCE OF METHODS.

The number of methods is legion and new ones are born, like fools, every minute of the day. Since instinct and accident taught us to clean and bind up wounds and to find and extract outside matter, since we learned to discover the causes of disease, cures have sprung up by the thousand. They come and go, all doing an equal amount of good—and failing to come up to expectations in one respect or another. In some cases the method may be all right. Its partial failure is usually due to the lack of individualizing. All battles cannot be fought according to one plan, even if that plan be conceived by a Napoleon. The physician, like the general, must know the enemy fore and aft, inside and outside; he must know his antecedents, his circumstances, sorrows and joys—everything. With the greater part of this necessary information the physician a la mode dispenses; he thinks he can do better by aping the specialists and blindly following the theorist.

Whether it is advisable to adminster serum at certain stages of diphtheria, whether lupus had be better destroyed by chemical or mechanical means, whether a hot bath is preferable to an alcohol bandage—these things cannot possibly be set down in books to fit individual cases; practical experience combined with intimate knowledge of the patient's condition (as set forth in the preceding paragraph) alone can decide what ought to be done.

TOO SENSATIONAL.

Everybody who wants to be anybody in medicine nowadays wants to teach us something new, wants to exploit unheard of phenomena, startling methods. Medical writers of the fashionable sort are forever boasting with statistics, queer individual observations, records of many sorts; no one thinks of criticising, of digesting the new material, or giving it a trial on the basis of science. If laboratory workers experiment, theorize, very well, that is their business; but for the practical physician to join in these sensational doings is a very dangerous thing even though the dangers he runs are nothing compared with those menacing his patient attracted by the catch-word, "the very latest." The very latest, indeed—until the chemical factory changes the tune and produces a new medicine costing less to manufacture and promising bigger sales!

Here is a tract of land. One crosses it without even thinking of its value, another judges it to be good hunting grounds, a third uses it to plant potatoes, a fourth drives a shaft and mines gold and silver. It is all the same to the land that becomes valuable, or remains useless, according to its masters. So it is with medical theories, whether individual man be benefited by them or whether his sufferings continue or increase—all depends on the physician.

There are good and bad ones, and the good one's success is seldom due to theory. I repeat: Beware of the doctor a la mode. It is easy to distinguish him from the physician who is a physician.

Berlin, July, 1902.

INDIA'S VICEREINE COMING TO AMERICA.

Lady Curzon is sometimes called "the American vicereine," because she is an American and the wife of Lord Curzon, viceroy of India. She formerly was Miss Leiter, of Chicago and Washington. Lady Curzon, it is said, is coming to the United States on a visit, and will be entertained at Newport, R. I., and Bar Harbor, Me.

PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES.

His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, whose latest photograph has just been received in this country, may visit the United States this fall if his father, the King of England, fully recovers his health soon. Several months ago it was reported the prince would attend the dedication of the New York Chamber of Commerce, but the illness of King Edward put an end, temporarily at least, to preparations for the visit. New Yorkers hope to see his Royal Highness, but there is some doubt whether it would be advisable for the heir to the throne to leave England for several weeks, in view of the possibility of a recurrence of his father's complaint.

WATERMELON TALK.

At the Grumbling Club the other night the subject of watermelons came up.

"Watermelons are not what they used to be—no, sir," said the most positive member of the club. "Nowadays when a man buys a watermelon he gets it as cold as ice, of course, but he doesn't get the real, good, old-time taste. Watermelons are picked green, or they are brought too far, kept too long, or something; the flavor is impaired. All the women complain, too, because the modern watermelon hasn't any rind worth mentioning; the rind is so thin that good, old-fashioned watermelon pickle preserves can't be made of it.

"Forty years ago watermelons shipped by rail were unheard of; all melons were home-grown, and we generally had the first watermelon on the Fourth of July. It was a great event, that Fourth of July watermelon; it had to be cooled in a tub of water for a whole night and day, and the children of the family had the job of keeping the tub full of cold water. After the dinner was over, the watermelon was brought on, sliding around on a huge old black japanned tray; father generally carried it in and staggered under its weight. As it was a sacred object—that first watermelon—none of the children had dared to "eat the plug," and that object was handed, with great ceremony, to the youngest child. We can all remember, no doubt, that delightful, cool, ripping sound which the big knife made as it laid open the first watermelon. What a beautiful sight the crisp red heart of that melon was!

"After we had all had big, thick slices all around—I do believe we ate watermelon with our knives those days—there were always two children who clamored for 'the tubs,' and these two little round ends of the big melon were given them to be carried out into the yard and eaten at leisure. Washing each other's faces with watermelon rinds was a popular childish pastime in those days; and spirting watermelon seeds at each other was another jovial juvenile sport. People who had windlass wells used to cool their watermelons by hanging them down in the well in a big bucket. An agricultural report of 1867 mentions the Florida watermelon as ripening in May, and suggests that it might profitably be shipped to Northern markets. I can't remember that the old-fashioned watermelon had any name; now-a-days, melons all have names, such as 'Triumph,' 'Florida Favorite,' 'Kentucky Wonder,' 'Peerless,' 'Sweetheart,' 'Georgia Rattlesnake,' 'Dixie,' 'Ice-cream melon,' 'Monarch' and Mammoth Ironclad.'"

IN THE GOSSIP'S CORNER.

To-day we live, to-morrow is not ours,
Nor yet the morrow's morrow's fruits and flowers;
To-day we are, and yesterday is dead:
To-morrow is a night of many hours.

And yet, perchance, to-morrow brings to-day,
But still the morrow frets the western way,
And life again is what the moment brings,
Then casts to fill the grave of yesterday.

× × ×

The beauties of Persian poetry are so varied and manifold, and at the same time so intricate, that I have scant patience with those who, because they have read the quatrains of the Tentmaker, think themselves warranted in sounding the praises of Persian literature indiscriminately, in and out of season. To be sure, the Fitzgerald translation marks as distinctive an epoch in English literature as does the King James version of the Scriptures, but that is the greater proof that the Rubaiyat, in its familiar form, is not "so typically Persian" (as several enthusiastic Omarites have declared to me); for it is, except in philosophy and meter, typically English of the purest kind. I would not decry love for the Rubaiyat; far be it from me, for I hold it to be the open door through which the Rose Garden of Persian Poesy may be entered and its beauties enjoyed, flower by flower. But if one stand always at the gate, no matter how beautiful, what matter how fair and sweet the garden within? To such a one the story of the loves of Yusuf and Zuleika, running through nearly all Persian poetry, but first told in entirety by Ferdusi and later remodeled by Jami, is a hidden blossom whose very perfume is kept from their knowledge. Sir William Jones declares it to be the finest poem he ever read, and the Persians themselves consider it the royal flower of their literature.

× × ×

Old Omar himself offers some inducement to those who will to dig beneath the surface and find what he has hidden, for there are two covert allusions, more broadly to the "Bird Parliament" of Attar, but indirectly to the romance of Yusuf and Zuleika. The first is in a quatrain not included in the Rubaiyat:

The Palace that to Heav'n his pillars threw,
And Kings the forehead on his threshold drew—
I saw the solitary Ringdove there,
And "Coo, coo, coo," she cried; and "Coo, coo, coo."

The significance of this lies in the fact that the ancient Pehlevic Coo, Coo. Coo, means also in Persian, "Where? where? where?" In Attar's "Bird Parliament" the dove is reproved by the Leader of the Birds for sitting still and forever harping on that one note of lamentation for her lost Yusuf.

The second inferential mention is found in the seventieth quatrain of the Rubaiyat, the last line of which is as follows:

"He knows about it all—He knows—He knows."

In the original a somewhat mysterious line reading like this:

"O danad O danad O danad O—"

Breaking off something like the wood-pigeon's note, which she takes up just where she left off. In the "Bird Parliament" the lines are:

Then from a Wood was heard to coo
The Ring-dove—"Yusuf! Yusuf! Yusuf! Yu—"
(For thus her sorrow broke her Note in twain,
And, just where broken, took it up again)
"—suf! Yusuf! Yusuf! Yusuf!" But one Note,
Which still repeating, she made hoarse her throat.

× × ×

I have space for but a single verse from Jami's version of the story, and to my mind there is little more beautiful than this bit of description, introducing Zuelika's dream:

The ravens of the night were hushed,
The bird of dawn began his lay,
The rose-bud, newly wakened, blushed
To feel the touch of springing day,
And bade the roses 'round unveil.
'Roused by the warbling nightingale,
The jasmine stood, all bathed in dew;
Wet were the violet's lids of blue.

× × ×

The many verses of the Sufi, whom Old Omar openly derides, but whose mystic poems nevertheless are of merit and beauty, are hidden from those who tarry alone with his rubai. They forget that he was the Voltaire of his people and time (or perchance they do not know it), and we of this era do not look to Voltaire for the best expositions of literary thought and beauty. They take pride in possessing a Fitzgerald translation or two, forgetful or uncaring that Fitzgerald translated Attar's "Bird Parliament," a far sweeter poetic conception, into beautiful verse, and that he did Jami's "Salman and Absal" into superb Miltonic measure. They may own a Whinfield, a Le Gallienne, a Garner or McCarthy's prose rendering, not realizing that these are but re-echoes of the Master, unable to add to or detract from the beauties with which Fitzgerald clothed the Omarian philosophy. They hide themselves behind a wall of these varying texts and descant learnedly thereon, the while and thereby shutting out the royal flowers of Hafiz, the Anacreon of Persian poetry; the tender Gazels of Khakani, the Moolah and half a score of others; the "Bustan" and "Gulistan" of Sadi, the epics and satires of Ferdusi and the "Perid Namah" and "Bird Parliament" of Attar, to say nothing of Jami's "Salman and Absal," the "Poem of Night and Day" of Essedi of Tus and Nizami's "Loves of Khosru and Shireen."

× × ×

I know it may not be possible for all who would to possess all the books necessary for a complete study of these poems and tales, but the work of selection has been going on ever since Professor Cowell gave the impetus to the reading of Persian by starting Old Fitz on "Salman and Absal;" and with few exceptions extracts from the best works of the greatest Persian poets lie ready to hand in Louisa Stuart Costello's "Rose Garden of Persia," recently from the press of L. C. Page & Co., Boston. The author's "Specimens of the Early Poetry of France" had a very considerable vogue, and I mistake the temper of those who, reading and loving Omar Khayyam, would be glad to read other Persian romances if they knew what to read and where to find it in compact and attractive form if this book, with its Persian cover design and illuminated title pages, fitting adjuncts to (in the main) admirable selections from the greatest of Persian writers, does not give a wonderful impetus to a broader reading and understanding of Persian literature in general than has been the case heretofore. And that 'tis worth it let me prove again by this verse from Hafiz:

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like Orient pearls at random strung;
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say,
But Oh! far sweeter, if they please
The Nymph for whom these notes are sung

THE GOSSIP.

A BISHOP TO WED A RICH WIDOW.

is Bishop Potter and Mrs. Clark's Mansion.

[Photo Coprighted by Rockwood, New York.]

The recent announcement of the engagement of the Rt. Rev. Henry Codman Potter, bishop of the Episcopal diocese of New York, and Mrs. Alfred Corning Clark has caused a great deal of comment. Bishop Potter is one of the best known and most popular clergymen in America. His prominence in civic matters, as well as his high standing as a theologian, has earned him fame. His bride-to-be is one of New York's richest women. She is the widow of the millionaire who controlled the Singer Sewing Machine Company, and is reputed to be worth over $30,000,000. She is known far and wide for her charity, and it was probably this noble quality which attracted the bishop.

'THREE R'S' NEGLECTED

EX-POSTMASTER GENERAL JAMES TALKS OF EDUCATIONAL LACKS.

In His Business as a Banker He Sees Need of More Attention to Elementary Studies in Schools.

SOME COMMON DEFICIENCIES

FEW BOYS CAN EITHER SPELL WELL OR WRITE LEGIBLY.

Also They Are Poor in English Composition and in Simple Commercial Transactions.

Not long ago a bright looking lad under eighteen applied for a job in a retail shop on one of the cross streets in New York. "Where have you been to school?" asked the shopkeeper.

"Public schools; graduated from grammar school No. —," replied the lad.

"I like your looks," continued the shopkeeper, "and I want a boy. It's only a matter of figures. Now, if eggs are 31 cents a dozen how many can you sell for 25 cents?"

The boy couldn't answer and he didn't get the job, though he had spent years in the public schools of the greatest city of the western hemisphere. This boy, you will observe, was wholly unfitted to grapple with the simplest practical problems. Hundreds, yes thousands, of such stories might be told despite the vast amounts (larger, by the way, than are so spent in proportion to school population by any other city on earth) which the city of New York devotes annually to the education of its boys and girls.

You may say that the pupil with artistic ability, who has latent talents that will enable him with proper training to make beautiful pictures, to model graceful statuary, to become a finished musician or to write thrilling romances does not need to be able to "do sums" in mental arithmetic and has no call to worry about such petty things as the price of eggs. Suppose this is granted, the fact remains that only an infinitesimal percentage of the boys and girls of this age or any other have in them exceptional artistic, musical or literary possibilities. And even if every one of them by training could be taught to paint like Raphael, to model like Phidias, to compose and play like Liszt or to write like Dickens still only a few could find a market for their wares, while the remainder would have to make their way along old fashioned, humdrum lines in spite of their genius.

SOME CURIOUS LETTERS.

The number of youngsters graduated from our public schools, and colleges, too, I am forced to say, who cannot write clear, concise and readable letters, is much larger than the number who have not mastered the simplest rules of arithmetic. And here I can give examples from more direct personal observation. The financial institution with which I am connected requires written applications from all who desire to enter its employment, and these letters are kept on file. Here is one of them, from one who has been trained in two colleges, besides, presumably, in the common schools. It will be noted, too, that part of his schooling was obtained outside New York, and I mention this in order to show that not all the inadequate schooling of the age can be charged to the metropolis:

"Sirs—Applying for admission into your employment, I wish to state that I have never been in business, being to school at ——— College, in Maryland, and ———, in New York. My father's position is a bridge carpenter on the —— Railroad. I live at ———. I refer to ——— and ———.

"Yours, respectfully,
"————."

This letter gives no information whatever that would be of value in determining the young man's fitness for a place as bank clerk. It does not even tell his age, and, besides, it is badly composed. I am sure the most ardent opponents of "sordidness" in education will agree with me that this young man's training in the elementary subjects has been sadly neglected; that so far as rendering him capable of making a demonstration that he "has an education" it is an utter failure.

Here is another letter of application, more specific in some ways, but decidedly of the sort that causes the judicious would-be employer to grieve. I say "would-be employer" because it is true that bankers, merchants, manufacturers, even soulless corporations," are quite as anxious to get good employes as men out of work are to get good jobs:

"Gentlemen—Inclosed you will find my application. I wish to state I am twenty-(27) years of age, and would like to receive a salary of $12.00 per week at start, as I am at present holding a situation which pays me $15.00 per week. But the only objection I find is that it is not steady employment.

"Remember, I can furnish the best of references from the time I left school until the present day. Any kind of a position will be satisfactory to me, providing I receive steady work. Thanking you in advance for your kindness, I am,

"Yours, sincerely, ————."

This young man says he can, but does not, "furnish the best of references." He says in one place that he is "twenty" and immediately afterward that he is "(27)" years of age. He does not give his business experience. His English is inexcusably bad. And his handwriting, like the handwriting of the other young man whose letter I have copied, is ragged, labored and unattractive to the eye.

BAD HANDWRITING THE RULE.

Now I have a permanent quarrel with the modern school authorities practically everywhere because of their inexcusable neglect of the art of handwriting.

When I was of school age we were obliged to learn to write at least legibly. We had "copy books" with engraved "copies" printed at the head of each page. We were required to devote a certain space of time each day to imitating these copies, which were really beautiful specimens of chirographical skill. Many of us were not able to attain the beautiful in our own handwriting, but none save the really incorrigible were allowed to leave school with the unformed handwriting that is so common among people of all sorts at the present time.

Why, even in our own bank the number of clerks who can write a good, clear, legible hand is ridiculously small. It is simply impossible to get employes who can write handsomely, and from what I am told this is true of most banks, both in New York